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Reading Room Divinity School

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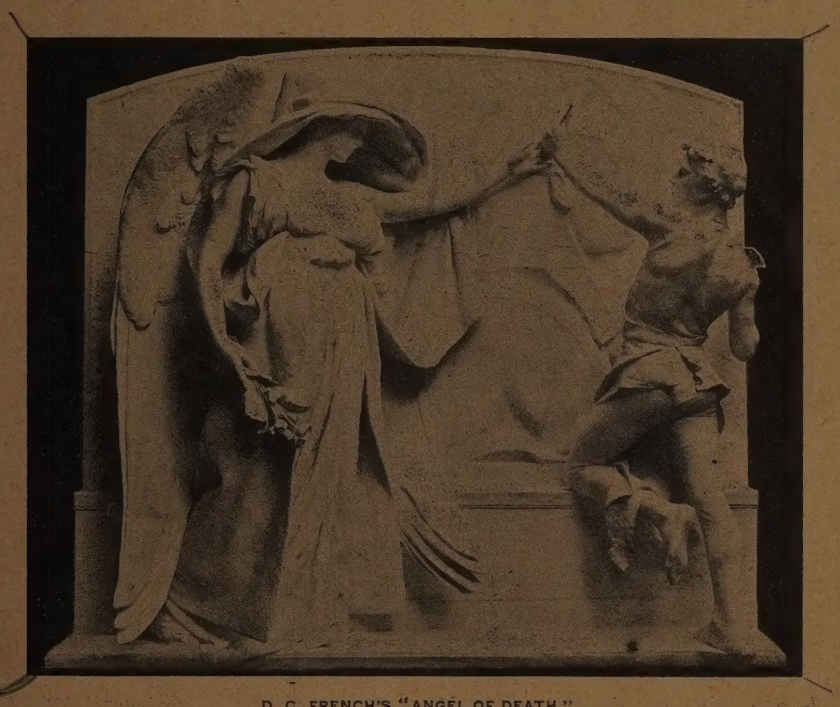

D. C. FRENCH'S "ANGEL OF DEATH."

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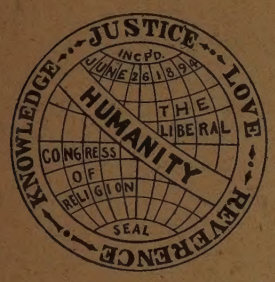
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1897. NUMBER 6.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.
—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

"Where the rocks that gird the Ægean
Echo to the battle pæan
Of the free,
I would flee,
A tempestuous herald of victory;
My golden rain
For the Grecian slain
Should mingle in tears with the bloody main;
And my solemn thunder-knell
Should ring to the world the passing-bell
Of tyranny."

SHELLEY.

Better than doing is being. The serenest help that the soul can give is the healing shadows it casts. Not the daisies on its brow, nor yet the signal station on its crest, but old Mount Washington itself, with its cubic miles of rugged granite, moves the spectator profoundly. Not what Jesus did or said, but what he was, crowns him with divinity. Morals are contagious; he only really teaches religion who exemplifies it.

Through the courtesy of Mr. D. C. French we are enabled to present to our readers, on the first page of this paper, a reproduction of his "Angel of Death." Mr. French's group is executed in bronze and is in place over Milmore's grave in Forest Hill Cemetery, near Boston. The bronze was exhibited in the French Salon, probably in 1892, and received a medal. The original plaster from which the bronze was cast was on exhibition in the Art Palace at the World's Fair, and is now in possession of the Chicago Art Institute, where it may be seen. Four copies of this work have been made at that Institute, and they have been exhibited at the Boston Museum of Art, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts at Philadelphia, the Museum of Fine Arts at St. Louis, and the Art Collection of Beloit College, Wisconsin. An authorized photograph, very satisfactory, can be obtained at O'Brien's Art Store, 208 Wabash Avenue; price, $2.

Something great! Something grand! Open your *Century* and see the pictures on pages 877, 878, 879, 890, portraying the work of a new American sculptor, a genius, who will work a revolution. Nothing so independent, so free, so noble, so helpful, for a century or more. This is no longer an eternal reiterated effort to repeat Greek or Roman art. This is American art. All hail the creators of the America of the twentieth century! Young Barnard will lead us in the way of higher art. His work reveals not only a new intellectual outreach, but the newer morals of an age that does not allow that mind and body are two but one. Science has begun to react upon Art.

The spirit of President Jordan is not iconoclastic or destructive. He is a gentleman in the full sense of that word, and his gentleness goes into all he says and does. It is a total misunderstanding of him to suppose he is not deeply imbued with religious sentiment. What he opposes is that brute force religiosity that undertakes to run over the world with its devilology in place of theology; that denies any real God or godliness or goodness of the universe, while trying to establish hells and eternal wretchedness. We entirely agree with Mr. Jordan that we do not wish to see the pastorate displaced by a lot of peripatetic mountebanks, who aim at nothing but an emotional cyclone. But hear Mr. Jordan: "I would not tear down any man's belief; but I would like to say something in the interest of a larger faith — a faith in a Providence as broad as humanity — not a Providence arbitrary and mysterious, but a Providence which is God working in humanity." On this line he is working nobly and constructively — and he is never a coward.

Gladstone's letter concerning Europe, which parades its Christianity, yet engages in a coalition to prevent the punishment of assassination and wholesale butchery for no other crime than professing the Christian religion, has called some sharp comment from the press of both continents. We may be confident of one thing, that whatever the Powers may do in reference to Greece, at present the end is near of the effort to sustain a balance of power in Europe at the expense of progress. The day of half-crazy emperors and divine-right striplings to control the destinies of civilization is nearly passed. The heart of the people is beating very much as it did just a hundred years ago, when Bourbonism was pulverized and democracy was born. All hail the day of the New Liberty! The world must be let to go once more forward.

That statesmanship is indeed narrow that retains jealousy of the parent stock. Our own history forbids us charging upon England any greed of empire not our own. As well should the Western states be jealous and suspicious of the Eastern. Jingoism is *reductio ad absurdum*. It reduces our realm to the smallest proportions — it desires the glory of being supreme in the corners thereof. Our congressmen are, unfortunately, not the creations of a wide and broad education. They are still the products of sectionalism. It is, however, to them that is intrusted the opening of a new era. The arbitration treaty with our Anglo-Saxon brethren will turn the world over to arts of peace. It will command brute force to the rear, and bring moral force to the front. If our Senators dare to reject it, we must send other men to the front, who comprehend the age.

Ex-Senator Hill of New York has uttered a groan that has reverberated over the whole land. It is the utterance of a great principle, subordinated to the smallest selfish ends. He declares there is too much legislation. He echoes Herbert Spencer's doctrine, which the greatest sociologist has pressed for a quarter of a century: that the new tyranny is as bad as the old; that the majority may be as pestilent as the king in robbing us of our rights. But Mr. Hill brings the great truth down to the whim that legislation is meddling with what people may eat and drink. No one forgets that this eminent statesman's last eloquence in the Senate was heard in opposition to removing the national bar where Congressmen get drunk. The Farmers' Club of central New York resolved: "That if it be a matter of personal liberty to drink intoxicating liquors, it is not, therefore, a matter of personal liberty that there shall be a national bartender, supported at the expense of the people." It is true that we have ten times as many laws as we need, and that our legislators and Congressmen should be sharply restricted to biennial sessions of one hundred days each. But it does not follow that the people care about Senator Hill's private grievance.

In Chicago, on three successive days, audiences of society and club women listened to arguments and resolutions looking to the protection of the feathered tribes. The woman with a bird in her hat must feel very uncomfortable to-day in the streets of Chicago if she knows of the revived Audubon Society, as she must if she reads the papers. During the twenty years of its history the friends of THE NEW UNITY have read in its columns many a plea for the protection of birds. The cause is gaining supporters. Bird-meetings are the rule of the hour. The movement has become fashionable. We may chafe against Fashion if we will, but the rule of the goddess is mighty, and when her influence is on the side of the right we are grateful for her strength and wish that she ever might be on the side of sense, reform, and justice.

The New York Medical Journal tells of the splendid reception accorded the two young Chinese women who, having recently graduated from Michigan University Medical School, returned to their native country to practice. Their coming excited the most intense curiosity, people traveling considerable distances to see them come ashore from the ship; indeed, the officials complained that they were accorded a more honorable reception than returning envoys extraordinary during the China-Japanese war. But the best was that patients began at once to present themselves, and the distinguished success they have had in the treatment of these first cases has inspired the people with an extraordinary confidence in these young women. One Chinese male physician, having a difficult case, said to his patient: "These young women have gone beyond the seas to learn these things of healing, and I have sent for them." Whereupon, with all courtesy, he gathered up his silken robes and departed. Surely the conduct of these Oriental heathen will compare very favorably with that of Europeans and Americans toward the first women who entered the medical profession. So far, in the brief time of their practice, the young Chinese women have not lost a patient. It is to be hoped that when the time comes that they do, the fact will not unjustly abate public confidence in them. A graduate of Michigan University recalls the fact that when these two girls ascended the platform to receive their diplomas, the students, the audience, and even the professors, joined in spontaneous and tempestuous applause.

The whole world can now join in that applause of these pioneer new women of the Orient, and hope that they may inaugurate a better day in the Flowery Kingdom.

How will this do as a model for begging-letters? It was received by a long-suffering member of the Associated Charities in a Michigan city:

My Dear Lady Through this Past Winter Poor Willie worked up among my Sister's neighbors and Earned Some money by which to buy him Some Shoes and Shirts and the officials of the Poor having Six hundred and Seventy five families to furnish in Wood & Coal and Provisions they could not furnish us Wood and from time to time Poor Willie give me his Earnings to buy wood and it took it all & he has been with cold Wet feet Ever Since and it Keeps him in Terrible bad colds and Sore throats and the Chronic Rheumatism which has followed him for years and this Exposure Keeps it in an Aggravated Condition and now I Solicit you VERY Strong to use your influence with the Associated Charities to give you a pair of number twelve shoes for at times his feet are badly swolen and with this number he could get around Willie has six Bodily troubles At three different times he has been Sun Stroke. Since then there has been any amount of Sick Headache Also one Bad Rupture which the different Trusses have failed to Relieve him. Also his Kidneys at times are very Painful Also he has Serious Stomach trouble Also Catar and Worms are using him up He Very much Kneeds Public Sympathy. There has been any amount of Soliciting for Willie and I which never done us but very little good. I suppose that friends of these Soliciting Parties had the Benefit I am willing for any one to look my house over from Garret to Cellar they will be convinced of what I say. In all our Relief Societies There have been Parties who have advised them not to do anything for us But other Societies who went from house to house on a Pretext to aid us and it went to other Poor Ship Wrecked Mariners on this Ocean of Life. My Dear — ——— I feel assured that your Influence will bring the Shoes and there is a deep well of Gratitude flowing from my Heart, as if I had the shoes now.

Thanking you Ever so much for Past favors I still continue to solicit your favor in the future Very truly yours

— — ———

Any one having any number twelve shoes or public sympathy for Poor Willie would better save them for another client, as investigation revealed the fact that he is a veritable "wandering Willie," and that the city now supplies this interesting family with fuel and food; and that, moreover, duplicates of this touching appeal were sent to not less than half a dozen citizens. Is Poor Willie a centipede? What will he do with all his number twelve shoes?

Are We Civilized?

The world is civilizing, but not civilized. Humanity is climbing, getting out of the valleys and the lowlands, but not yet near the hilltop. Of the entire human race three fifths are still below the line of civilization. One sixth of the race are still naked. Only one half is clothed at all. Two hundred and sixty millions have nothing that can be called a home; that is, over one sixth of the entire race still belong to the lowest forms of savagery. Seven hundred millions, or nearly one half, still live in huts and caves. Only one third of the human race can be said to have even passed the line of savagery and barbarism. To two thirds of the race all but the faintest signs of civilizing conditions are wanting.

To those who measure civilization by the prevalence of the Christian religion it should be known that eight hundred and sixty millions, or four sevenths, of the race are pagans; that less than one fourth are Christians, and only about one eighth of the entire human family are Protestant. About three quarters of the entire human race are anti-Christian. As a matter of fact, Christianity is not coterminous with so-called civilization. Paganism has produced civilizations like Greece. But those who believe that the nations not knowing Christ are lost in the next world, and only semi-civilized in this, have a big task on hand.

Is so-called civilization civilized? This century is very proud of itself. Undoubtedly we are a long way from the deserts and the steppes. It is a long cry from the cave-dwellers to Michigan Boulevard or Beacon Street of the "Hub"; from the brush hut to the art museum on the lake front; from the bloody religious rites of the Druids to St. Peter's stately ceremonies, or the humanitarianism of All Souls.

It is evident that humanity has been moving, keeping step with the sun and stars. The celebrated four hundred millions, or less, have been climbing, at any rate. Nearly one billion are but just beginning to feel the spur of the new social forces in their flanks. A large proportion of this one billion have not yet felt even the pressure of the spur of progress, probably. We of the Occident are on the move, but we are a long way from civilized in a complete sense. Much that we call civilization is a cheap veneer. Barbarism parades in the tinseled robes of culture, savagery lurks at the heart of the aggregation of stone, mortar, and marble we call cities. The grasping greed of the robber barons and chiefs makes its foray under the guise of trade, black selfishness and the sins of the demagogue fester in the heart of modern pseudo reforms. Liberty and equal rights conceal sinister forces of evil. We need not underestimate the progress we have made, but let us not flatter ourselves that we are near the millennium when present social evils prevail, when people suffer for food and fire in a fertile and unexhausted land, when politics have taken the place of patriotism, when Christian nations stand round the slaughter-pens of Turkey and give the odds to Turkey, and when at our very doors a foreign nation repeats the barbarities of the Dark Ages in a conscienceless struggle of conquest.

We are not, then, civilized—we are civilizing. In some directions we have reached a high degree of civilization, in others we are but a few degrees re-

moved from barbarism. The present has not yet shaken off its brute inheritance. The tiger and the jackal linger. The forces of life are turning toward the larger hope of humanity, and each year witnesses their acceleration. The human sentiments are on their way to the throne of the world's affairs. We believe in a brighter and holier future for mankind, not on the ground of any mere sentiment, but on the basis of the philosophy of evolution. Humanity has not fallen from some previous high estate and now seeks to recover lost ground, but is on the way from savagery to civilization. As we have traveled so far on the way, so we shall travel farther by virtue of the same social forces which have brought humanity to its present conditions. Stronger than tyranny, mightier than political selfishness, are the forces of moral order at the heart of things. Over all broods the "Over-Soul," and all is, or will be, well. W.

Correspondence.

DEAR NEW UNITY: — I want to share the accompanying letter and its electrical sensations with your other readers. I received it a day or so ago from an English friend of mine (a woman), with whom I spent some time in London four or five years ago, during an intensely heated campaign, in which "the everlasting Irish question" was *the* question. I heard my friend make some stirring speeches for Gladstone and Home Rule, and saw her quiet an incipient riot among an audience of workingmen who were angered by some tactless remark of a former speaker. But I had no idea of the volcano of passionate feeling in her until the receipt of the letter, a page or two of which I send:

"Yesterday I stood with many men on the plinth of Nelson's column and addressed some of the twenty thousand people who had assembled in Trafalgar Square to protest against the coercing of Greece. I am feeling a burning indignation, as well as shame. To think that the land of Byron, the refuge of Mazzini and Kossuth and Frederick Douglass, can have so forgotten her proud heritage! But sure retribution must follow. The mills of the gods DO grind. Our armies were said to be powerless to aid the Armenians in their terrible hour, and NOW the guns of our fleet are turned upon those hardy Cretans, who are daring to throw off the yoke of that infamous ruffian, the Sultan. As for the German Emperor, he ought to be in the madhouse, and yet he dominates all Europe, and even our isle and our fleet. I HA-A-ATE Salisbury and the Emperor and the Sultan as I do the devil. I am off to-morrow to try to move the people in Devon and Cornwall.

"'For Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Tho' baffled oft, is ever won.'"

We can scarcely doubt the people of Devon and Cornwall were moved. It is righteous passion like that in the heart of Gladstone and in the heart of this young woman that stings and scourges selfish, sluggish souls out of their moral apathy. These clarion voices availed this time to save, not Greece alone, but England too,—and from a fate far more inglorious than any which could befall the former. To have great power, and then to use it basely, is indeed to invite the one overwhelming calamity that can befall a nation or a man—the destruction of the higher governing centers of conscience, and the abandonment to reflexes of policy. If a nation or a man fail in a great and good cause, there is the appeal to posterity. But to succeed in a great ignoble undertaking is to write down one's self on history's pages for a physical bully and a moral coward. Let us be glad that, as the event *proved*, there was enough conscience and chivalry among the common people of England to save that nation from the infamy into which some of her leaders would have involved her. God bless the Grand Old Man and this grand young woman, and all others like them!

The mention of Byron suggests to me the thought that if we can stand a revival of Napoleonism we would not suffer from a mild revival of Byronism. Let us ask ourselves where he would be, and what he would be doing, were he alive and in his prime to-day. I am not sure, however, but he would be too deeply engaged in Cuba to transfer his attention to Greece. How is it that we endure to read now that Weyler will have the gallant General Rivera shot? though he will perhaps wait until the Spanish surgeons have healed his wounds. O, noble Weyler! O, most excellent brute!

Who was it said to the woman enthusiasts of America during the Greek war of Byron's day: "Ladies, the Greeks are at your doors; see to them?" Now might he well say the same to the whole nation. *Your* Greeks are on your neighboring isle. What will you do about them? C. J. B. C.

A Letter From India.

Many Western hearts have turned toward India with sympathy during the times of bitter suffering through which she has been and is still passing. The Columbian Exposition and Parliament of Religions brought that remote land near, as we learned to know and love her children. The distance between us is now only geographical. In this connection we are glad to pass on to our readers and the many friends of Mr. B. B. Nagarkar the tidings of the health and safety of himself and his dear ones contained in the following letter to the senior editor. Coming from the surrounding gloom, they are indeed a ray of light — "good news from a far country."

LAHORE (PUNJAB), BRAHMO SOMAJ, ANARKALI, March 2, 1897.

My Dear Brother,—The fatal news of the dire famine and the terrible plague that have recently come upon this country has been taken to all parts of the globe through the telegraph wire and the newspaper press. The famine has spread itself over a wide area of the land, and the plague, till now, is confined to a few seaport towns and cities, though in some cases it seems to have traveled into the interior also. This double visitation has come upon us like a two-edged sword from providence, and poor India hangs down her head in the deep humiliation of utter grief. The famine has taken away hundreds of our farmers and artisans, and the fatal plague has laid desolate "Bombay the Beautiful," the "Queen of Asia." More than three fourths of the population has deserted the city. The highest medical skill has so far proved utterly helpless in checking the dreadful disease. God alone knows his hidden purposes in sending out such visitations as these. To wait upon the Lord with prayerful resignation is all that behooves man to do at such times.

In the minds of my American friends, most of whom belong to the constituency of THE NEW UNITY, the city of Bombay is intimately associated with the name of their humble servant, and it is no wonder that many of them have affectionately written to me to inquire about the well-being of myself and my family. A great many of them have been affectionately inquiring of each other whether any had recently heard from me. Let me assure you that in the midst of our present very heavy trial these loving inquiries are not a small consolation. They are the strongest proof that the relations cemented by the Parliament of Religions were no mere passing sympathies, but that they have their foundations in the deep depths of our hearts and souls.

Through the columns of your valuable paper allow me to relieve the minds of my many American friends by informing them that, though many beloved seats in the circle of our near friends and brethren have been rendered vacant by the disastrous plague, myself and my family are till now, by the grace of God, safe, and in usual health. From the beginning of December last I have been working here in the north, the home of the warlike Sikhs, and early in January this year, when the plague assumed a fierce aspect, my family joined me. Till the end of the next month I shall be in these parts lecturing and preaching in connection with the Punjab Brahmo Somaj. After that my movements will depend mainly on the state of things in Bombay. In the midst of the many losses of friends and money we have been put to within the last few months, the Lord of all Mercies has sheltered us under the protection of His loving wings, and whatever He will do in future will be for our highest good. In this faith let us all confide, in this trust let us all rest in peace and hope. And now "good-bye" to you and yours, and to my numerous friends in America. Yours fraternally,

B. B. NAGARKAR.

P.S.—My permanent address is as before, "Girgaum Back Road, Bombay." This will find me, wherever I may be.

Longfellow and Sumner.

I find a singular charm in the society of Longfellow—a soft voice, a sweet and cheerful temper, a receptive rather than an aggressive intelligence, the agreeable flavor of scholarship without any pedantic ways, and a perceptible *soupçon* of humor, not enough to startle or surprise or keep you under the strain of overstimulation, which I am apt to feel with very witty people. Sumner seems to me to have less imagination, less sense of humor or wit, than almost any man of intellect I ever knew. P. B. said of him in the Temple Place days, that if you told him the moon was made of green cheese he would say, "No! it cannot be so," and give you solid reasons to the contrary. We had a pleasant little laugh over his unimaginative way of looking at things to-day. But we like to hear him talk, and give him his head whenever he gets into a narrative *quorum pars*—and you know well in how many large affairs and with how many notable persons he has been concerned in his national and personal career.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes, Life and Letters.*

The Liberal Congress.

Change.

'T was frost and snow all winter drear,
With not a blade of grass;
At last with smiles the spring drew near,
And joy and beauty came to pass:

The lark sang out in heaven above,
A glad triumphal strain;
The whole wide world was filled with love,
And laughed at memories of pain!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

The Swastika.

卐

"*Su*, well; *asti*, being;—welfare": so Whitney etymologizes the word *swastika*. The swastika is a symbol about which much has been written. It is called by many other names, such as the fylfot, Thor's hammer, crux gammé. Its literature has just been increased by a work by Thomas Wilson of the Smithsonian Institution. His paper fills more than two hundred pages and contains more than three hundred text figures besides twenty-five full-page plates. The larger part of the work is descriptive of swastikas found in many parts of the world; the closing portion deals with the question of the migration of the symbol.

The swastika is a Greek cross with the ends of its arms bent. It is a Buddhist symbol, past and present. It is used now in America as a part of the emblem of Theosophical Societies. It is certainly very old. Its origin, which has given rise to much discussion, is no doubt prehistoric. It has been supposed that the swastika at first represented the sun, the sun in motion, the winds, the fire drill, fire, the reciprocal powers in nature. Whatever its original symbolism it has come to be a symbol of good fortune and prosperity. Many have been inclined to consider the symbol itself sacred; Wilson however thinks it not so although he is willing to give it some talismanic force. So far back as it can be traced it has been placed upon all sorts of articles—weapons, tools, ornaments, pottery vessels, spindle-whorls. Wilson considers this frequent and trifling use of the symbol as against its sacred character.

The swastika can be traced over a wide area. In the old world it appears to have been almost, if not exclusively, used by Aryan people. When found elsewhere than in an Aryan district,—as in Egypt,—it can usually be shown to be on imported objects or to have come in with Buddhism. As to the first home of the symbol there is uncertainty. Zmigrodski appears to consider it India and Bactria; Count Goblet d'Alviella seems to refer it to the Troad. In his description of its area of use Mr. Wilson traces it geographically. He describes it from Japan, Korea, China, Tibet, India, Phenicia, Lycaonia, Armenia, Caucasus, Asia Minor, Greece, Cyprus, Etruria, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Scandinavia, Scotland and Ireland, England, and France. The mass of material here compiled is probably larger than before existed in English. Mr. Wilson has secured two lots of new and interesting first-hand material from the Chinese Minister at Washington, and from Mr. Gande of India, now in Chicago. The Chinese minister supplied eight extremely curious and interesting paintings showing the use of the swastika in China. It is believed to be upon the chest of Buddha; it was placed upon the disk of the sun in symbols introduced in the seventh century; it was woven in silk, used as a decoration in bronze censors, and as an ornamental motive in lattice-work; on one day of the year—the seventh of the seventh month—spiders are believed to weave a swastika in the center of their webs and it is great good fortune to find such a web woven over fruit or

melons; a marvelous buffalo, with a swastika on its forehead, was once presented to a Chinese Emperor; the similarity in shape between the swastika and the fruit of a certain tree has been observed and emphasized. Mr. Gande's information relates to the use of the swastika among the Jains of India. Among the Jains the symbol is made in benediction, also when entering the temple. The form is frequently constructed of a handful of meal, flour, sugar, salt, or similar substance. This is spread over a circular space, three inches in diameter and one-eighth of an inch deep. This mass is skillfully shaped into a swatiska with the ends slightly curved outward. This with other symbols constructed in the same way, "intensify . . . thoughts and make them more permanent." This making of the swastika in granular material is one of the most interesting things brought out in the book. Mr. Wilson does not emphasize the fact that it is analogous to the sand-paintings of the Navajo, Moki, and other Indians of the Southwest. It is curious that among the Navajo designs are some in which the swastika forms a part.

There are two simple swastika forms—one with the end bars turned to the right, the other with them turned left. The latter is sometimes called the *suavastika*. Besides these two rectangular plain types we may have specimens with the ends slightly curved outward as in the Jain type. When the whole of the four arms are curved the device is no longer a true swastika and is best called by a new name—*tetraskelion*. The arms of the swastika may be developed into meanders, Greek keys, or spirals thus making it complex.

In his main description Mr. Wilson is properly careful to insist upon exactness in the use of the term swastika, objecting to its being applied to crosses without bent ends or to spiral lines radiating from a center. When he comes to discuss American forms however he is not consistent. The true swastika occurs in America, but some of the cases cited are certainly not entitled to that name. The symbols, found by Mr. Moorehead in an Ohio mound, cut from copper are perfect and beautiful swastikas. A true swastika with curved or hooked ends is found among the Kansas. In one of the curious sand-paintings of a Navajo ceremonial there are several finely formed swastikas. The symbol, usually with hooked ends, occurs in Pueblo rattles. The same form is represented on certain Pima shields. If Miss Owens is correct, a most interesting and curious use of the swastika is found among the Sacs and Foxes. The women of this tribe weave handsome beadgarters, in which they work pretty swastikas; they call the symbol the "luck" or "good luck." Miss Owens states that they have long made it and she believes that it goes with sun-worship.

Reported occurrences of the swastika in Mexico and Central America are few. Two Nicaragua specimens (one poor), a few from Yucatan, and two from Costa Rica are the only ones quoted. He reports the symbol also from Brazil and Paraguay. Probably the swastika is more common in the Isthmian district than is now recognized.

When Mr. Zmigrodski exhibited his *Swastika Tablet* at the World's Columbian Exposition (as part of the display of the Chicago Folk-Lore Society), he made an appeal to American archæologists to work out the cross and swastika symbols of this country as he has done for Europe and Asia. Zmigrodski's tablet, now the property of the International Folk-Lore Association, is a marvel of labor. It is a long roll of cloth on which are accurately represented hundreds of swastikas and related symbols. These are arranged geographically and chronologically, as follows:

I. Prehistoric.
  1. India and Bactria.
  2. Cyprus and Rhodes.
  3. North Europe.
  4. Central Europe.
  5. South Europe.
  6. Asia Minor.
  7. Greek and Roman epoch: numismatics.

II. Christian.
  8. Gaul: numismatics.
  9. Byzantine.
  10. Merovingian and Carlovingian.
  11. Germany.
  12. Poland and Sweden.
  13. Great Britain.
  14. Swastika in the nineteenth century.

This interesting chart deserves careful description. It will probably be finally reproduced and published by the International Folk-Lore Association in full size. Mr. Wilson has more nearly responded to Zmigrodski's appeal for American work than any one else. He has really brought together more data regarding the cross and kindred symbols in America than have before been gathered in one work. The cross among American Indians appears to be usually connected with the idea of the cardinal points and the winds. This relationship is specifically stated in connection with several of the cases above mentioned.

Mr. Wilson believes the swastika to be a symbol which is little likely to have been independently developed in different districts. He holds that its occurrence in different districts proves migration and suggests relationship or connection between peoples now widely separated. Similarity between objects and arts among peoples distant from one another he considers equally demonstrative. The terra-cotta spindle wheels, so alike in Troy and Mexico, he thinks related and not independently developed; they are evidence of migration—of ideas, if not of peoples. His book is, then, a protest against the at present all-too-prevalent theory that the human mind will strike out identically the same invention in many regions. While we do not consider his whole argument strong we do approve of his contention, and consider his book timely.

FREDERICK STARR.

Influence of the Scholar.

I once climbed a mountain slope in Utah, in midsummer, when every blade of grass was burned to a yellow crisp. I look over the valley, and here and there I can trace a line of vivid green across the fields, running down to the lake. I cannot see the water, but I know that the brook is there; for the grass would not grow without help. Like this brook in the hot plains may be the life of the scholar in the world of men.

I look out over the struggling men and women. I see the weary soul, the lost ambitions,

"The haggard face, the form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth."

Here and there I trace some line in life along which I see springing up all things good and gracious. Here is the scholar's work. In his pathway are all things beautiful and true—the love of nature, the love of man, the love of God. For best of all the scholar's privileges is that of "lending a hand." The scholar travels the road of life well equipped in all which can be helpful to others. He may not travel that road again (you remember the words of the old Quaker), and what he does for his neighbor must be done where his neighbor is. The noblest lives have left their traces, not only in literature or in history, but in the hearts of men.

—David Starr Jordan.

Not in seclusion, nor apart from all,
Not in a place elected for its peace,
But in the heat and turmoil of the world,
'Mid sorrow, sickness, suffering, and sin,
Must he still labor, with a loving soul,
Who strives to enter through the narrow gate.

—Vishnu Purana.

All ages of a nation are leaves of the self same book. The true men of progress are those who profess as their starting-point a profound respect for the past. All that we do, all that we are, is the outcome of ages of labor. For my own part, I never feel my liberal faith more firmly rooted in me than when I ponder over the miracles of the ancient creed, nor more ardent for the work of the future than when I have been listening for hours to the bells of the city of Is.

—Rénan.

The Word of the Spirit.

Death as a Friend.

A Study of D. C. French's "Angel of Death."

A sermon preached at All Souls Church, Chicago, Sunday, March 4, 1894.

By Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God. *Paul.*

Be of good cheer about death and know this of a truth, that no evil can happen to a good man either in life or after death. *Socrates.*

Why, Death, what dost thou here
This time o' the year?
O heart ungrateful! will man never know
I am his friend and never was his foe?
All hope, all memory,
Have their deep springs in me,
And Love, that else might fade,
By me immortal made,
Spurns at the grave, leaps to the welcoming skies,
And burns a steadfast star to steadfast eyes.
Clarence Cook.

William Morris, in a suggestive little book entitled "Hopes and Fears of Art," published some years ago, argued that the hope of the laborer lies in an increasing sense of the beautiful; that the toiler must find his compensation, consolation and inspiration in his struggles for the beautiful, in the sense that it is given him to contribute in greater or less degree to the beauty of the world. In short, the hope of the artisan is to be found in his making common cause with the artist. When they recognize each other as brothers, members of the one guild, toil ceases to be drudgery and the inducements of labor cease to be sordid. The time is approaching when art will render a service to religion similar to that which William Morris predicts for it in the industries. Art is ameliorating dogma. The artist, more than the logician, must free the soul from the fetters of bigotry and the tyranny of creeds. The artist is to-day more and more consciously a prophet in religion, as indeed the master artists, whether they have wielded pen, brush, or chisel, have always been the most intelligible spokesmen for God. Phidias made for piety as well as for beauty in ancient Greece. Michael Angelo, Raphael, Da Vinci, and their associates saved a church that was dying from too much prosperity. They consecrated altars that were desecrated by greed. They ameliorated the severities of ecclesiastical power. They refined the grossness of a materialistic theology. The story that Fra Angelico painted his pictures upon his knees may be one of the sacred legends of art more true than history; but one thing is beyond question: he painted so that those who saw were brought to their knees. Thousands who came to admire went away adoring, not the work of the passive hand of the master, but of

"The vast soul that o'er him planned."

This principle is increasingly true in modern art. Millet, Munkacsy, Hoffman, Verestchagin, and their fellows are to-day recodifying the creeds of Christendom. The prophets of the brush and the evangelists of the chisel and the trestle-board are rewriting the theology of this generation. If you want to keep your faith in the total depravity of man, keep away from the art-galleries. If you want to believe in a ruined world, devil-tortured, buy poor pictures; you must not familiarize yourself with the landscapes of Corot or Inness. If you want to enjoy a stately ecclesiasticism far removed from present-day thought and the work-a-day world, a religion mediatorial, sacrificial, ritualistic, seeking God away from the haunts of men, go to an old church building, one constructed in the spirit of the mediæval architects. The modern architect is learning of science and the attendant arts to construct churches of more humble arches; the vaulted ceiling with its dim, religious light is giving way to sunny auditoriums, low-roofed and human. Browning speaks of the church

"With spire and sad slate roof, aloof
From human fellowship so far."

But the architects are ameliorating this aloofness. They are putting a social aspect into their roofs and constructing for us churches in which no man can be stranger. Following the subtle lines of beauty, the deft fingers of the artist find themselves, before they realize it, in direct touch with truth, seeking the harmonious. The doors of wisdom fly open, and they find, perhaps as much to their own surprise as to the surprise of the world, that truth and beauty are one. Every great picture is a revelation; every noble piece of statuary carries consciously or unconsciously a gospel message.

I want to enrich my Easter word with the benignity of art. Daniel French, the sculptor, has endeared himself to us in many ways. He was a Concord boy, a lover of Emerson, he caught his spirit as he molded the minute-man that now stands

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood."

And he has lovingly molded for us the face of our American seer, that face in which, John Burroughs says, "There were no blanks." Can we do other than love Daniel French, who gave us that airy vision of progress, the glorious quadriga, those pioneers of the air, that, with a poise almost as buoyant as that of Raphael's "Hours," and more purposeful, crowned the peristyle. The peristyle with its radiant crown is, alas! no more, but that vision of strength wedded to beauty remains an imperishable contribution to the spiritual life of man. It remains in our memories as a prayer in plaster, and it will float through the world in picture, description, and model, always growing richer and more beautiful, until, at last, perchance,—who knows?—like the fabled Phœnix, it may rise out of its own ashes and be set aloft again in Jackson Park in some modified way that will make it still more beautiful.

Scarcely less will we love Daniel French for those stalwart peasants that guarded the approaches to the Liberal Arts Building, as they stood by the splendid draft-horses of Potter. From the quadriga on the peristyle to the man with a shovel holding the impatient horse is a stretch from idealism to realism in art, and yet it is so successfully made that probably the man with a shovel quickened more ideality in the grateful tide of humanity that poured around them than the plunging figures on high. We can never forget Daniel French, for did he not glorify Liberty as the Queen of the Republic, reigning in her golden dignity over the grand court? But most of all will we love him for that beautiful group in relief which, I think, may be fairly said to be the masterpiece in the sculptor's gallery of the World's Fair—"The Angel of Death Staying the Hand of the Artist." You all remember it. You must often have noticed how it held in thoughtful reverence its ever-present cluster of students and admirers. Its story is an interesting one. Designed as a monument for the grave of the lamented young sculptor, Milmore, who died in Boston some years ago, it was intended to be put in marble and placed in Mount Auburn,—a destiny scarcely to be wished for it. It deserves to be put in rarest marble; it is fitting that it should commemorate a devotee of the sculptor's art: but let it be kept mid the haunts of the living rather than relegated to the abode of the dead. Give it the shelter of the quick, rather than the ultimate and untimely defacement of the dead. Let us in imagination go again into the Art Palace at Jackson Park and look intently at this masterpiece, that we may catch its Easter message. Note the young sculptor quivering with inspiration, intense, eager, impetuous. He must not be interfered with. He cannot stop. The half-formed lines under his chisel are peremptory; he must proceed. But lo! there interposes a deeply hooded figure, strange but gracious, gentle but imperious. Her outstretched hand arouses impatience on the part of the artist; but the arrest is commanding. It stays his mallet in mid-air. The mighty wings suggest a visitant from beyond the ken of mortal. The poppy in her hand speaks of Lethean rest. There is a great change pending. A mystery strange and wonderful surrounds her. The sphinx growing so strangely beautiful under his chisel, every line in its contour a matter of such absorbing interest to him, seems to be unnoticed by her. She comes from beyond the vale which the sphinx symbolizes. She has come to solve the riddle which the sphinx propounds. He is life, living; and the sphinx is the problem of life, the mission of life, the something to do,

to perfect, the goal to gain, a task to be accomplished. She is the Angel of Death. She seems apathetic to all this; to the strong young life in his veins, to the work he is striving to accomplish. Yet there is that gentleness and sympathy in her whole bearing that proves

> "Contrariwise she loves both old and young,
> Able and weak—affects the very brutes
> And birds—how say I?—flowers of the field—
> As a wise workman recognizes tools
> In a master's workshop, loving what they make."

And still she is inexorable. Whatever her message may be, one thing is sure: it cannot be a message of hate. Whatever her mission may be, it cannot be a fell one. Death is here, but it is a friend, and not a foe. Here is power inevitable, unflinching; it is not, however, malevolent, but benevolent. Here is a benign figure.

We have come to the first great and obvious lesson which this art prophet gives us. This group would have been impossible at any other period of the Christian era. It shows a conception of death quite foreign to that which has inspired what is known as Christian art as well as so-called Christian theology. The masters of brush and chisel in Christendom have heretofore reveled in the grotesque, the hideous, and the hateful whenever they have undertaken to portray death; he has been shown as a devil with hoofs and forked tail, a grinning skeleton, a pestilential shade. The ghastly skull and cross-bones have been painted at the foot of many a cross, while the innumerable crucifixes, the descents and the pietas have all shown the torture, the agony, the tragedy of death. It has remained for this age of humane instincts, this age in which science comes to liberate from the fear of a lawless God, from the uncertainties of a fitful providence, from the terrors of an arbitrary hell, to restore to us the diviner conceptions of pagan Greece, which made of death twin angel of sleep, and to enlarge upon that conception, making death an inviting spirit, a welcoming angel. And is not this a blessed release, a holy enlargement? Too long has life been paralyzed by a fear of death. Too long has the grave encroached upon the living.

And is not art justified by science? This beautiful relief represents sense as well as sensibility. The common sense of the world is beginning to assert itself and organize itself into the systematized thought of science, which affirms that no matter how mysterious life may be, it cannot be meaningless; whatever death may be, it is not lawlessness. There is no fiend in all the universe, because law is everywhere. There is no devil, as a personal or malevolent and independent will thwarting the purposes of the Almighty, and confusing or blighting the destinies of men, for cause and effect hold unbroken sway from the perpetual ice of the polar zone to the fervid heart of Shakespeare. There is method, meaning, order, development, all the way from the gold in the mountain crevice to the truth in the mind of Socrates and Emerson. There is life, loving life, aspiring life, a God-seeking and God-serving life pulsing all the way from the amœba in a drop of water to the divine truthfulness of Jesus. And all the analogies and justifiable inferences go to prove that the same conditions remain beyond the heart of Shakespeare, the mind of Socrates, and the conscience of Jesus. Some crass astronomer whose mind was still dominated with the thought of a law-breaking divinity, is reported to have said, "I have swept the heavens with my telescope and have found no God." The verdict of the modern astronomer would read, "I have swept the heavens with my telescope and I have found no devil." In all the fields of space there is law, rhythmic, benignant, divine law. And the man with a microscope says, "I have peered into the realms of littleness, penetrated the chambers of the most attenuated beings, and there I find beauty; the rose and the rainbow written small." Life is there, pulsing upward; and the student of human history goes back to lowest savage or climbs up Parnassus, and finds, all the way from cave-dweller to the maker of libraries, a common brotherhood of hope and suffering, of joy and pain, of life and death. Here, again, there is place for no devil, no breaks to let in the thunderbolts of wrath, no rents in the seamless robe of the All-Father. For humanity, like the mantle of Jesus, "is woven from the top throughout."

The artist is justified, then, by science, history, and philosophy, in shaping death as a friend. It is a kindly hand that stays the restless, struggling children of men, and not the hand of an enemy.

The artist is again justified in this picture by the profoundest voices in literature. The poet, as well as the sculptor, in his highest moments regards death as a friend. It comes as an angel. The testimony of Paul and of Socrates is the testimony of bard and sage everywhere and always. And, what is much better, our own experience, slowly, reluctantly, but very surely, confirms the artist's judgment. Daniel French has but put into plaster our own experience, interpreting for us what we could not interpret for ourselves. This hooded figure has been indeed an angel to us. How it has quickened our energies! The thought that "I must do the work of Him that sent me, for the night cometh wherein no man can work," has been the inspiration of the lordly souls of the race. The thought that our time is limited is a holy spur that puts us to work. Like this young artist, we are determined to put in the last stroke available. Robert Browning describes the death of a grammarian: racked by pain, still drooping deeper his head into his book, dead from the waist down, with the death-rattle in his throat, "still ground he at grammar." This is the way of the world at its best. Death is a noble task-master and keeps us busy. It is the inspiration of progress; musters out of service the disabled veterans, making room in the files for new life and fresh courage, and thus the banner of progress is borne forward. And then, how death consecrates life! What were this world without its memories! This winged figure, the mother of grief, carries poppies in her hand, but she opens more eyes than she closes. It is only the tear-washed eyes that read the commonplace text with inspiring accents. How hallowed is the place where the brave man once walked; sacred the chair where the patient once sat and talked; holy the book upon which are left the mind-marks of a gentle spirit vanished! With every death there comes into our life a new cabinet of sanctities. The old volume, the cane or cup, the picture, the empty chair, the favorite word, the happy haunt—these are the real shrines of humanity. Here are to be found the fundamental altars of the race. Worship begins here, aye, worship ends here also. For these sanctities lead us on and up, from the baby-shoes, sacred mementoes of holy mother's grief, up to the shrines consecrated by pilgrim feet, the martyr-places, the Bethlehem spots, up and up, until the whole earth becomes a sacred mausoleum, consecrated by the blood of the martyrs, the lives of the heroes, the unnamed, but not on that account the unrecorded or unrecounted, triumphs of the humble workers of God; all the way from the earth-worm that makes the soil, up through the pioneer who through pestilence and danger subdues it, the patient hand that tills it in cheerful obscurity that the world may be fed, to the loyal legion who laid down their lives in the trenches that their country might be free, until at last we arrive at the ultimate shrine, the permanent beneath all this transient, the everlasting love, the undying principle, the all-pervading and all-adorable spirit. Coleridge has pronounced Blanco White's sonnet "To Night" the greatest sonnet in the English language. In this sonnet is drawn the striking parallel, so familiar and so inevitable, between night and death. Day obscures the great lights; why may not life obscure, also? Emerson uses the same figure in impressive fashion, compressing White's fourteen lines into the magnificent couplet:

> "Suns haste to set, that so remoter lights
> Beckon the wanderer to his vaster home."

Thus it is that death widens our horizon, gives us sympathies that are noble, and hopes more inspiring than knowledge.

Let us back again to our sculpture. For the artist has groped his way along beauty-lines into thought too subtle for words. How silent, shy and elusive is this figure. The youth scarce can see the angel-face. She speaks not; does not explain; does not justify; makes no promises; gives no assurances. And the figure is true to the fact. Death does not explain the riddle of being, but in her and through her we are willing to trust. Once we recognize the benignity of her form, we prefer her benevolent silence, the divine obscurity of her presence, to the

garrulous assurances of assumed knowledge. Let us, then, be respectful to the hooded angel; accept with holy cheer her silent mandates. She suggests that which is dearer than your cheap assurances. There is nothing more deceptive than your comprehensibility. There is nothing more real than the divine incomprehensibility. A God that is understood, an immortality that is already anticipated, described and outlined, is not the god of the devoutest soul, nor is it the immortality that touches life with the divinest awe and profoundest peace. This beckoning death-angel of the artist suggests the obscure attraction akin to that which guides the waterfowl to her southern home in winter and her northern nesting-place in summer. It is that which inspired Emerson, in his "Terminus," with trust:

"As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed."

Yes, this thought of death as a friend, this revelation through art, does charm every wave of being, and we find ourselves in league with the stars and in the confidences of the lilies. We know that our destiny is somehow linked with that of the flower in the crannied wall. We are willing, aye, happy, in the comradeship of the rhodora, to let Emerson again help the artist's interpretation, believing "that beauty is its own excuse for being," and that the self-same power that brought it into being brought us.

There is something exquisitely comforting in this thought of death as a friend. It is the new thought. What French has done in clay, Alfred Rethel has done with his pencil in his picture of the old bell-ringer in the tower, away up above the world. The artist shows the old man asleep in his oaken chair, with a little bird sitting upon the casement of the open window, the old man sleeping the last sleep, while a deeply draped figure with graceful, tender poise is ringing the bell for him. It is death as a friend, relieving the old bellman of his task, but not interrupting that marker of time that "rings the pauses for men to pray." The German artist did not dare so much as the American sculptor; for beneath the ample mantle we discover the fleshless skeleton, a lurking ghastliness. Our emancipated brother comes into the full truth, that death is an angel as well as a friend, a messenger of God, and not of evil. Mr. Ganhett has beautifully interpreted the German picture in a poem of the same title, now published with his "Green Pastures and Still Waters," and "What Will the Violets Be?" in a dainty Easter edition.

One other interpreter of the new Easter thought I want to mention, a high collection of verse entitled "A Symphony of the Spirit," compiled by George S. Merriam, a spirit strung to delicate and high sensibilities. It is a collection from the masters of English verse, the bards of the soul,—Wordsworth, Browning, Emerson, Lowell, Tennyson, Whittier, and others,—a rare collection of choice spirits summoned unwittingly to help interpret this relief of Mr. French, to lead us into the higher trust of Easter, a dear confiding in the methods of God, a trustful shelter under the mantling of his law. Confidence, not curiosity, most becomes Easter. Patience, not petulance, is the becoming attitude of an immortal spirit, Let us then be worthy this great confidence. We will not fear nor run away. We will

"Counsel not with flesh and blood;
Loiter not for cloak or food;
Right thou feelest, rush to do."

Welcome, then, this thought of death as a friend. Surely science and reason are to-day conspiring with art and religion to put down the last enemy, robbing death of its sting and the grave of its victory. Dear Mother of Grief! Holy Angel of awe and trust! we will not dread thee; we will not flee thee; neither will we court thee, nor fret thee with our idle impatience or imbecile curiosity; but will, nothing daunted, work out our tasks, chisel away, like the youth in French's group, at the sphinx upon which it is given us to work; and then, when thou dost come, we will not ungratefully remonstrate, but remember that thou wilt not separate us from the love of God, that "no evil can happen to a good man in life or in death," and that

"All hope, all memory,
Have their deep springs in thee,
And Love, that else might fade,
By thee immortal made,
Spurns at the grave, leaps to the welcoming skies,
And burns a steadfast star to steadfast eyes."

Faith eludes definition; it is more than expectation; it is larger than hope; it is, as the new version has it, "The *assurance* of things hoped for, the proving of things not seen."

—*Lucretia Learned.*

A Lover of Children.

Twenty years ago, the writer, with her three-year-old child, was on her way to Washington in midwinter. Instead of reaching that beautiful city early in the morning, as was expected, the train was stalled in the night by a terrible blizzard. After the height of the storm was over, it took hours to dig away the heavy snow that buried not only the rails, but the whole world apparently. Slowly and laboriously the locomotive crept on, and we were still two hundred miles from Washington when the church clock struck eight in a village where we halted. Men jumped up to see if there were time to get a cup of coffee; nervous and anxious women clamored for tea, and I cried with the rest, "Oh, if only I could get a glass of milk for my little girl!"—"Impossible," said the brakeman, who was passing through the car; "we shan't be here but a minute."

Paying no heed to his words, a gentleman of striking appearance, whose fine face and head I had been silently studying, hurriedly left the car and disappeared upon the snowy platform. "He'll get left," sneered the brakeman.

The train moved on, feeling its way through the huge white banks on both sides. The gentleman had evidently been traveling alone, for no one seemed anxious because he did not come back. The cars were hardly in full swing, however, when he jumped aboard, a little out of breath, dusted with snow, but self-possessed and calm, holding carefully a tall glass of milk, which he gave to the wee girl beside me. My stammered thanks for such unexpected kindness from an unknown traveler he brushed away with a wave of his hand. "But the glass?" I insisted, knowing it could not be returned, as we were now thundering onward. "Is yours, madam," he replied, settling himself into his seat, paying no more attention to us. But later in the course of the dreary forenoon he motioned to the little lass to come to him, which she willingly did. He lifted her to his side, and with his arm round her she cuddled up against him, and for two hours he whispered stories into her ear, so low that no one else could hear, but the delight of which was reflected in her dancing eyes and smiling lips.

At Baltimore the stranger disappeared, and a gentleman across the passage from us leaned over and said, "Do you know who has been entertaining your child so charmingly, as indeed only he could?"—"I have n't the faintest idea."—"Professor Francis J. Child."

So many years have flown since then that the little lass herself writes stories now—perhaps far-away echoes of those she heard that wintry day when Professor Child made summer in her heart; but the tall, thick depot tumbler still stands on the high shelf of the cupboard, too sacred for any use, save as a memento of the kindly chivalry of a great man to a little child.

—*Isabel C. Barrows, in Atlantic Monthly.*

"Greece and her foundations are
Built below the tide of war,
Based on the crystalline sea
Of thought and its eternity;
Her citizens, imperial spirits,
Rule the present from the past;
On all this world of men inherits
Their seal is set."

—*Shelley.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The Infinite is never so near to man and so dominant in him as when the heart overflows with joy or sorrow, sympathy or love.

MON.—We are placed in the world as we are; it is our part to stand erect, to be courageous, to keep sweet and hopeful.

TUES.—However deep the valley, it is down into it and through it.

WED.—Consecrate thyself in ceaseless loyalty to the service of thine ideal.

THURS.—Rewards do not always come as we plan they shall, but perhaps we are really forever more fortunate.

FRI.—Evolution, as I apprehend it, has changed, enlarged, made intelligent, man's attitude towards God.

SAT.—The conquest of life consists in meeting disappointments and sorrows in a brave and noble way.

F. A. Hinckley.

From a Letter.

Spring is with us here in Colorado. The bluebird, the linnet, and the robin have come back, and the dear little violets are with us again. Only a few weeks ago the children at school were studying the snow stars with me; now we are watching the buds and twigs come to realize their life. It is beautiful to lead these little ones to see this "divine geometry" in the different moods of nature, for I have faith to believe that learning to see and love law in the snowflake's, and the tree's, and the violet's life may help them by and bye to see and live and love law in their own lives. S. H. S.

March 16th.

A Great Surprise.

When I woke up this morning I did not feel at all like getting up. I told mamma that I had a kind of feeling as if I should be a great deal better if I stayed in bed till noon, as I do sometimes when I have bronchitis in winter.

But mamma smiled and kissed me, and said she thought it would be best for me to get up; so of course I had to. All the time I was dressing I kept feeling worse and worse, and I did n't want any breakfast at all.

"The child is n't well," said papa.

I told him that I thought I should feel a great deal better in bed, and he looked at mamma to see what she thought; but mamma shook her head and said I would be better by and by.

I knew what she meant by that, and it only made me feel worse; so after breakfast I went and lay down on the sofa and shut my eyes, and I did feel very badly indeed. Polly came and sat by me and fanned me, and asked if my head ached; but it was n't my head, exactly. It was a feeling inside me as if my heart kept going down and down, and then almost stopping, and then going on again with a jump.

When I saw mamma coming with her bonnet and cloak on, my heart jumped very hard indeed, and I shut my eyes tight and hoped she would think I was asleep. But she took my hand and said:

"Come, Tommy dear! Come with me, and we will have it all over very soon."

I knew from the way she spoke that nothing was of any use, and that I must go.

We started, and I walked as slowly as I could, and all the time I felt worse and worse.

I asked mamma if people did not die when their hearts stopped, and when she said "Yes," I told her that my heart kept stopping all the time, and that I thought I might be going to die. "And if I am going to die," I said, "there is no need of my going — there — too!"

Mamma only patted my shoulder and told me to be a brave boy; but I did n't want to be a brave boy. I wanted to go home.

However, I tried to hold my head up, and by the time we came to Doctor Wilson's door mamma said I was doing very well, and that she should be very much pleased with me if I was brave.

It is very nice to have mamma pleased with you, her voice sounds so nice, and her eyes shine when she smiles; so I tried as hard as ever I could, and when Doctor Wilson came out and looked at me over his spectacles I said, "Good morning!" quite loud, though my voice sounded as if I were under a feather bed.

So then I got up into the horrid, horrid chair, and my heart was going so hard that I thought it would come out of my ears. I opened my mouth and he fished about with the dreadful little steel things, and I screwed my eyes up tight, for I knew every minute that it was going to hurt dreadfully.

But suddenly he stopped, and I opened my eyes. He was standing looking at me, and really his smile was quite pleasant and not half so much like an ogre's as I thought it was.

"Well, doctor," said mamma, "is there very much to be done?"

Then Doctor Wilson smiled again. "My dear madam," he said, "I am obliged to tell you — that this boy" — here he looked very hard at me, and my heart stopped again, — "that this boy — has — nothing whatever to be done; and that his teeth will be in perfect order for the next six months."

I think I cried a little. I know mamma did, for you see she had been keeping her courage up, too, and she had done it so well that I never knew her heart was jumping and stopping, just like mine, until she told me.

But we were so happy, oh, so happy! and we went away together, after we had shaken hands with that nice Doctor Wilson, — and I think he was *almost* as glad as we were, — and we had ice-cream and strawberries, and we took some home to Polly in a paper box. And the funny thing is, that I have never had any more trouble with my heart since then.—*Laura E. Richards, in Youths' Companion.*

A Protector.

A St. Bernard dog which lives near Boston proves a great comfort to a widow to whom he does not belong. Dogs usually confine their care to their own households, but this one, recognizing the unprotected state of the widow, who lives alone, extends his services to her house. She is afraid of tramps, who pass her house on the way to Boston. The farmer who owns the dog, therefore, when he sees a suspicious character coming up the road, says to his dog:

"Jack, go over to Mrs. H.'s and sit on her piazza till the tramp gets by."

Whereupon the dog runs over to Mrs. H.'s, posts himself at the door, and if the tramp comes up the walk, steps forward and growls at him. As the dog is a big one and rather forbidding, though he has never been known to bite any one, the tramp, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, remembers that it is getting late, and that he has n't any time to fool away along the road. When he is well out of sight the dog returns home.

The dog carries his gallantry to the same lady to such an extent that when she is visiting his master's house of an evening he always accompanies her home to the door of her house. —*New York Tribune.*

The Study Table.

American Orations.*

This selection of the most characteristic oratory of the different eras of our nation-building and national evolution has been admirably well made. In a few cases I should have chosen otherwise to illustrate the orator's power, but not perhaps to illustrate American history. Wendell Phillips's most masterly work was his Phi Beta Kappa address delivered before Harvard College in 1881. Indeed it is hardly equaled, as a masterpiece, by any other production of any American. It was a good thing to substitute, in this latest edition, for Carl Schurz's speech on the Democratic war policy the debate of Breckenridge and Baker. Schurz is always eloquent, but he is not always just; scathing, but seldom generous. His address on civil service reform is an excellent presentation of a distinct stage of political progress. Those who wish to find oratory at its highest will turn to Henry Ward Beecher's address at Liverpool. The nineteenth century has not produced its superior. It was in the fullest sense masterful. It had a distinct aim, to convince and overpower opposition; and it did it. The opposition succeeded in interrupting Beecher, but he spoke for an hour and a half in the teeth of the storm, and he made England our friend. It is amazing how much sound political economy he preached. It will do our politicians good to take that speech now and read it. He taught the greatest of political lessons: that a nation needs first of all to cultivate the good will and prosperity of the world, so as to improve the buying-capacity of all nations. This is a lesson that just now the American people needs to rehearse while it is doing its best, or its worst, to perpetuate a system of commercial warfare.

It is difficult to say which are most important, Mr. Johnston's explanatory interludes, which make the best of history, or the copious notes at the close of each volume. Both are intensely interesting and valuable. So arranged are these addresses, and the notes, and Mr. Johnston's essays or introductions, as to constitute altogether a complete history of America. Some episodes in our national career hardly get as full a hearing as will soon be demanded; for we are very soon to be engaged in such a struggle on the problems of protection and socialism, and similar topics, as will put in the background the older struggles of nation-building and nation-growth. Meanwhile let us have just as much as possible of history, of this sort of history, as we can absorb, and so we shall be wiser for the duties ahead. The original work has, in this edition, been very ably re-edited by Professor James Albert Woodburn of Indiana University. Of the share of the Putnams in the issue of such beautiful volumes too much cannot be said.

E. P. P.

By all odds the most important magazine article of April is in the *Forum*, the work of Hon. J. Sterling Morton, Ex-Secretary of Agriculture. It is entitled "Retrenchment or Ruin." It is a plain statement of our rush on the road of national extravagance and bankruptcy. It is not a biased article, but vitally true. The American nation, at the close of the nineteenth century, with every element of prosperity, is being dragged to ruin by the extravagance of her national and state governments. Our political system places vastly too much power in the hands of politicians and lawmakers. Mr. Morton is one of the brainiest men in the United States, and one of the honest ones. If the farmers are looking for a first-class president for 1900, let them look long before they pass by Mr. Morton. There is another article in the April *Forum* of extraordinary worth on "Arbitration the only Solution of the Financial Problem." Dr. Rice keeps up his overhaul of our school nonsense. The *Forum* is what it professes to be—the best magazine of the kind in the United States. E. P. P.

*American Orations.—Edited by Alexander Johnston. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Notes and Comments.

The first of May is approaching. Large numbers of families are wearily canvassing the city in search of houses or apartments that they are to call homes for the next year, at least. It is questionable whether a house built by one man for his home ever can be the truest home for another man, and very certain that few modern houses are built for homes at all—they are built for sale. There is a good field for missionary work among these numerous May-day movers. It would be an excellent thing if copies of Miss Lucy Salmon's *Domestic Service* could be placed for free distribution on the tables in real estate offices. Many a housekeeper would get a new conception of the meaning of that word "home," and of her dignity and responsibilities as home-maker and housekeeper. It would teach the husband to recognize that he also has a duty and a responsibility in the matter. A home is not made in a day. There is need, not only of large information and knowledge, but of education and wisdom. Miss Salmon's book is a scientific, exhaustive, and inspiring treatise. The volume embodies the gospel that the National Household Economic Association has been laboring to promulgate.

Is it not time for a revival of the home? Time was when the home was woman's only sphere, and an aptitude for housekeeping was supposed to be every woman's natural birthright. She revolted from this narrow lot and proved her right to a place in the larger world of men. Now the existence of such a body as the National Household Economic Association, Miss Salmon's timely book, and Lady Aberdeen's sensible convocation address to the Chicago University students, show that thoughtful women are beginning to see that the home, after all, is not a narrow sphere; that it needs intelligent, thoroughly trained specialists; that it ought to be enriched by the woman's wide experience gained in her venture into the world of affairs; that here, too, business principles, business methods, and scientific research are applicable; and, above all, that not every woman is fitted by nature for the high calling of housekeeper and home-maker.

Americans have felt that they owe a debt of gratitude to George Washington, so they made his birthday a national holiday, and celebrate the day more or less generally. But the observance has grown formal and heartless,—his memory is conventionalized. There was need of such volumes as Prof. Woodrow Wilson's "George Washington" and "The True George Washington" of Paul Leicester Ford to revivify and humanize our national hero. The latest addition to the Washington literature is the first of six lectures by Prof. William P. Trent of the University of the South, in a volume called "Southern Statesmen of the Old Régime." But the life of Washington is yet to be written. Professor Wilson's book is an interesting series of magazine articles; Mr. Ford gives many details and characteristics, but the man is not reconstructed; Profesor Trent's is a lecture. In the same volume he treats Jefferson, Randolph, Calhoun, Stephens, Toombs, and Jefferson Davis in an original, interesting, and fair-minded fashion.

American history is receiving a fair share of attention in the magazines. *The Outlook's* April magazine number prints "Historic Utterances of General Grant." The April *Century* is a memorial to Grant. *McClure's* gives a view of Alexander Hamilton and his wife.

The first days of April are red-letter days in the calendar of scientific Chicago. The John Crerar Free Public Reference Library opened its doors in the sixth floor of the Marshall Field building, its temporary home, where it will remain until the funds accumulate for a permanent library building. Another library event is of common interest to all Americans—the completion of the new Congressional library building at Washington, D. C. D. D.

The New England Magazine for April is fully up to its standard, and with Dr. Mead for editor there is no question but it will stay there. It is a John Adams centennial number.

E. P. P.

A 20-page Weekly.

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country. To do good is my Religion"

WESTERN UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.—The directors who met on March 30th were President Gould, Mrs. Perkins, Miss Lord, Miss Stafford, Mr. Bulkeley, Mr. Kendall and Mr. Scheible. The secretary reported prospects of good arrangements for publishing the bound form of Mr. Crooker's Lessons on "The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion." It was moved that the society assume the cost of publishing Miss Buck's "Unity Bible Studies," beginning with the issue of last February, thus taking the burden of this expense from the Sunday school at Cleveland, which has borne it last summer. The programme committee reported progress toward an interesting session at the annual meeting, on May 5th. It was thought well to issue a separate announcement of the Sunday school part of the May anniversaries, also to enlarge the catalogue of publications. Upon motion, the treasurer was authorized to contract for insurance to the amount of a thousand dollars on the publications in stock at our headquarters. Adjourned.

ALBERT SCHEIBLE, Secretary.

CHICAGO.—On the first Sunday in April, the congregation of All Souls Church gladly welcomed back to their pulpit Prof. Albion W. Small of the Chicago University.

He spoke on "The Holy Alliance of Politics and Religion," starting out with the proposition that "Americans have fallen into the evil way of using the word 'politics' to mean the black art of securing a living out of the public, not by merit, but by pulling underground wires and rolling rotten logs."

"We have," he said, "to go back to the heathen Greeks to find the word conveyed in a Christ an sense, which is the art of living in the State in a manner becoming rational beings."

He then showed how the word "sociology," has come to take the place of the word "politics," carrying with it the larger meaning and force which that damaged word has lost, and followed this up by a statement of several points wherein the New Testament contributes to the body of thought which brings sociology and religion into close touch with each other.

First. By a new estimate of the individual capacity of man to be quickened into divine life.

Second. The conception of mutuality between man

Third. The thought that this world is not a kingdom of chance, but is a part of the majestic empire of God's uncompromising and consistent righteousness.

Fourth. The knowledge that because God reigns His work in redeeming the world must and will go on.

Fifth. The unique equation in the New Testament between the individual and society. Christianity exalts the individual, but it also exalts the kingdom.

Old and New.

Wesley's Letter to Wilberforce on Slavery.

Wesley's last letter was written, six days before his death, to Wm. Wilberforce. In it he expressed his abhorrence of slavery, and his words were an inspiration to those of his followers in the United States, as well as England, who for many years sought to effect its overthrow. This famous letter is as follows:

"LONDON, February 24, 1791.

"MY DEAR SIR:—Unless the Divine Power has raised you up to be as Athanasius, *contra mundum*, I see not how you can go through your glorious enterprise in opposing that execrable villainy which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature: unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils; but *if God be for you, who can be against you?* Are all of them together stronger than God? Oh, '*be not weary in well-doing.*' Go on, in the name of God and in the power of His might, till even American slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish away before it.

"Reading this morning a tract, wrote by a poor African, I was particularly struck by that circumstance that a man who has a black skin, being wronged or outraged by a white man, can have no redress; it being a *law* in our colonies that the *oath* of a black against a white goes for nothing. What villainy is this!

"That He who has guided you from your youth up may continue to strengthen you in this and all things is the prayer of, dear sir, your affectionate servant,

JOHN WESLEY."

—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

John Ruskin's Use of His Money.

Through his father Mr. Ruskin fell heir to nearly £1,000,000, to which must be added the income of his writings. But this man counted his treasures as a trust fund, held in the interests of suffering merit or youth's promising talent. That he was on the London Committee for the victualing of Paris in 1871 proves that his benevolence was as well known as Peabody's or Lady Burdett-Coutts's. Taxing himself first a tenth, then half, he finally gave his entire income.

If he needed botanical and art works for his studies, he crippled himself rather than refuse his last spare twenty guineas to the widow of a dead artist. If for health's sake and art's sake he wanted to take a trip to Switzerland, he would forego it that he might contribute £100 to the Cruikshank Memorial. If others would not encourage the study of art in schools he would buy ten water-color drawings of William Hunt, paying for each £375, and give them to the public schools of London. In one of his letters to the workingmen of Great Britain he told them what he had done and was doing with his money in carrying on his St. George's Guild and his plans for rent reform.

Up to 1877 he had given away all his fortune save £250,000. But, in view of the needs of his workingmen's clubs, this amount seemed much too large for his personal wants. He therefore determined to distribute all save £12,000 worth of consols, the interest of which would bring him some £300. Upon this interest he now lives, the income of his books being distributed among his servants, his old pensioners, and his various plans for social reform.—*Home Journal.*

You think of Scott's Emulsion as only for those who have consumption or who have inherited a tendency to it. Almost its greatest use is for those whose condition is so impaired as not to be able to get the good they should out of their ordinary food. In nearly every case with these, Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil brings back appetite, stimulates digestion, restores color and plumpness, and controls the diseases of thinness. Book about it, free,

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March.

No winter twilight chills us now, but rather
The night is waning, and the day is near;
Far to the northern distance and yet farther
Fades the unheeded splendor of the year.
No flower, in truth, may cheer the eager sight,
No lonely bird is calling for its mate;
We have the sense of earth's forthcoming light,
Spring broods above the hills, and we can wait.

The meadow does not heed the warmth returning,
The starry coltsfoot still withholds her buds,
The wishful eye, far-sighted and discerning,
Can choose no spot of green amid the woods;
There is no winsome odor in the winds,
But with a pulse of living strength they blow,
Though in some hollow still the traveller finds,
Half-sheltered from the sun, the dingering snow.

The Spring reveals herself in secret only,
Through hidden signs we guess her mystic power,
The fields are bare, the woodlands wild and lonely,
But lo! beneath the earth she hides the flower.
The willows quicken at the river's brim,
The eager alder breaks her tawny buds,
The upland hills are wrapt in hazes dim,
And sweet, impulsive life has stirred the woods.

—*Dora R. Goodale, in Boston Transcript.*

A Clubwoman's Speech.

A Utica clubwoman writes thus:

"Why do we do it?" said one woman to another at a recent club breakfast. Both were enjoying that dearly bought honor, a place at the president's table, for such distinction means that a speech is to be paid for it, and were exchanging confidences over their mutual coming ordeal. The question may well be asked why we women do deliberately put ourselves in the way of this suffering, for suffering it is, and a distinct strain. You are asked to reply to a toast at a club breakfast; you are pleased and accept. Then for ten days you carry that little extra burden tucked away behind other cares, but there all the time and making itself felt sufficiently often. As the day approaches you find yourself waking suddenly in the night, and when you analyze the thought which has roused you, it is to discover it to be that miserable speech.

Finally, the day comes. You are more or less prepared; you have thought over what you will say and you have a few notes jotted down on two or three visiting cards, perhaps, which you may hold in your hand. Making your best toilet, you present yourself at the breakfast. There is a momentary elation as you discover you are one of the lions of the reception, but this quickly subsides as you take your place at the head table and see two hundred women before you, for whose holiday, presently, you are to be butchered. The menu is ashes in your mouth, the talk which you try to keep up with your neighbor is disjointed and merely with the lips, having no thought behind it, for heart and mind are absorbed with what is coming, and the horrible dread that at the critical moment you will forget what you expect to say. A friend—who does not have to speak—has told you to grasp firmly your opening sentence, and this you are endeavoring to do, with less and less success as the dessert and coffee arrive. At length your knell is sounded in that awful scrape of chairs as the company—you are tempted to think enemy—faces round to listen.

The president rises to open the programme; it is no consolation to see that the hand holding her bouquet is trembling like an aspen leaf, that her face is pale and her words come with a dryness that shows to you at least an effort is needed to have them come at all—on the contrary, these tell-tale signs aggravate your own distress. One after another is called on, your heart beating thickly at every pause, for with the diabolic cruelty which keeps the condemned murderer in French prisons ignorant of the day and hour of his execution, your place on the list is unknown to you. Every respite adds to your terror, for you know the time must be rapidly approaching till—it comes. You hear the president saying things about you, the familiar "and I have the pleasure to introduce" falls on your ears, there is a horrible moment while you wait, with a set smile and a far-away look in your eyes for the perfunctory applause to subside, wondering the while if your knees will support you and if those parched lips and the clicking tongue behind them will ever formulate intelligible words; then you do rise, making a wild clutch at your opening sentence, find it is gone, pull yourself together with an effort born of the desperate crisis, say something and continue to say it, gathering a little of your wits as you proceed, lose the thread once, catch it again at the wrong place and finally close with the remark with which you had expected to begin. Then you sit down, a great wave of relief surging over you, and for the first time you know what is going on about you. At home that night you are weak, tired and starved, and you go to bed with a nervous headache. Why do we do it, indeed?—*Boston Transcript.*

India Without a Pauper Population.

Civilized citizens, accustomed to an elaborate and expensive system of poor relief, have perhaps never asked themselves what is the ordinary social and civic manner in India of providing for the pauper population. I remember being asked by a newly appointed president of the Poor Law Board in one of Mr. Gladstone's cabinets to talk with him about his new portfolio. "Why not begin," I said, "by examining the methods pursued in such a land as India? With a subject population of 200,000,000, and 70,000,000 or 80,000,000 more, practically dependent upon Britain, the lessons of such a field ought to teach you much!" "Bless my soul, yes," he ejaculated, "I must look into that! What is the Poor Law system of India?" And mightily astonished was the able minister when I replied, "There is none at all." Yet so, indeed, it is; and the reasons of this, immeasureably creditable morally and socially to the Hindu people, are well worth grasping by such as would comprehend the inner aspects of Indian famines. First of all, India is the home of the Ideal—religious, metaphysical and domestic—to an extent which makes those ridiculous who speak of her creeds as ignorant, or her inhabitants as "heathen." You never see any but the most wretched women begging for alms there. Why? The explanation proves how elevated, even if mistaken, the average moral sense is of the people. Every woman not deformed, or an outcast, or insane—at least in the higher castes—has been betrothed at an early age to a boy, whose household thenceforward adopts her entirely. If the little husband dies, before or during marriage, the disaster is regarded universally as the penalty for sins committed by the female in a previous life. The widow must submit, and will submit, not marrying again, but hoping, by patience, to rejoin her lord after death, and his family will, until her demise, loyally support her, for his sake. Practically these views obtain all over the land, and as every female child becomes betrothed all women are definitely provided for. If the rash ardor of certain crude reformers could have its will, and alter this so as to promote the remarriage of Hindu widows, all those who became wives for a second time would find neither of the two allied families willing to sustain a wife belonging in the next world to two husbands, or to none at all. Besides this, the sentiment of the Bhaobund, or blood relationship, is all powerful in the land, and never repudiated. As also in Japan, where there are no poor laws and no paupers, the ties of kinship are everywhere acknowledged, discharged, and repaid; and the household cakes will be distributed to all who put forth the claim of poverty, hunger and relationship. Add to all this, that charity is not so much a virtue, in India, as a habit, a religious necessity, an indispensable passport to further prosperous existences, and it will be seen why India, in a most tender and effective manner, fulfils the law which Christians only, or principally, talk about.—*From "The Famine in India," by Sir Edwin Arnold, in "Nort American Review" for March.*

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"Where all is so good perhaps there is no best, though to our mind the section on 'The Dear Togetherness' is fullest of strength, sweetness and light. Our readers can procure the little book for themselves; and, if they want to be strengthened and lifted up, they will do so."—THE NEW UNITY.

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FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

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Jenny Lind's Good Humor.

A veteran musician who recently died in Philadelphia used to tell a good story of how he heard Jenny Lind. "I was then," he said, "a clerk in a music publishing-house on Chestnut street. One day a well-dressed, quiet little woman entered the store and asked me to show her some music of a classical nature. We struck up quite a conversation, in the course of which I asked her if she had heard the great Jenny Lind, who was then the talk of the town. She laughed, and said, 'Oh, yes, I have heard her! Have you?' I told her that I had not had that pleasure, and that I had very little prospect of hearing her, the price of admission was so high. She laughed

again, and then handed me a song she had picked out, and asked me to play the accompaniment for her while she tried it. She sang so beautifully that I played like one in a dream. When she had finished she thanked me, and, with a rare smile, said, 'You cannot say now that you have never heard Jenny Lind.' She thanked me again, and left me quite dumfounded."—*Song Journal.*

The *British Weekly* on the basis of an elaborate table in the *Cwristliche Welt* shows that the total number of theological students in Germany has greatly diminished. In 1890 the number in the various universities was 4,527, in 1896, 2,956. This decline is about equal in all the universities. At Berlin, where the most famous professors are usually to be found, the falling off is nearly fifty per cent. It is also very large at Gottingen, Leipsic, Halle, and Marburg. The only exceptions are at Greifswald and Erlangen, at both of which there is a decided increase in the number of theological students. The reason of the increase at these two faculties is said to be because they are more distinctly orthodox. Many causes are mentioned as accounting for the decrease in the number of theological students. It is to be found partly in the previous overcrowding and partly in the very meagre salaries which are paid by the state. In Prussia the salary begins at about $450, and at the end of forty-five years' service is increased to only $900. The writer in the *British Weekly* is convinced, however, that the decline to which we have referred is due very largely to the fact that extreme liberalism has overreached itself. Not even Berlin professors without positive convictions can attract students. The earnest young men seem to prefer the more positive theology of the less known lecturers at Griefswald and Erlangen.—*The Outlook.*

—Ex-President Harrison, who details "A Day With the President at His Desk" in the March Ladies' Home Journal, relates some of the amusing solutions of the perplexing problem as to the proper way to address the President: "Sometimes he is addressed by letter-writers as plain 'Mister,' sometimes as 'His Majesty,' or 'His Lordship,' and very often as 'His Excellency.' 'The High Government at Washington' was thought to be an appropriate address by one writing from Austria; and a letter addressed to the 'White Office' was rightfully assigned by the intelligent mail clerk to the White House. The official title of the head of the Executive Department is 'The President.' All propositions to add adorning but superfluous titles were rejected in Washington's time. The correct letter address is, therefore, 'To the President,' and the oral address 'Mr. President.'"—*Boston Transcript.*

London has a curious industry, that of the traffic in what are known as funeral horses, that is, horses that are perfectly black. Robert Roe of Kensington Park Road has imported these stately animals, says the *Strand*, for upwards of twenty-five years. It seems that they come from Friesland and Zeeland, and cost from £40 to £70. There must be about 900 funeral horses in London. The average undertaker, however, keeps neither horses nor coaches, but hires them. A white spot takes a large sum off the value of a funeral horse. A white star on the forehead may be covered by the animal's own foretop, and a white fetlock painted with a mixture of lampblack and oil. A long, flowing horse tail is sent with a "composite" horse—a Dutch black, not used for the best funeral work, owing to its lack of tail. He is sold to a country jobmaster, with a separate flowing tail, bought in Holland for a shilling or two. In the daytime the "composite" horse conducts funerals, the tail fastened on with a strap but at night he discards it and gaily takes people to and from the theaters. Worn-out funeral horses are shipped back to Holland and Belgium where they are eaten. —*Boston Transcript.*

Perhaps few people know that our national air, "Hail Columbia," was originally called "Washington's March," and was played for the first time on Trenton Bridge as Washington rode over it on his way to be inaugurated at New York; and during his administration it was always played on state occasions, or whenever Washington appeared in the box at the theater. It was composed by Pfyles, the leader of the few violins and drums that passed for the orchestra. The air had a martial ring that caught the ear of the multitude and soon became very popular. When Adams was President, in a moment of great party excitement, Judge Hopkinson wrote and adapted to the music the famous lines of "Hail Columbia." Thenceforth it ceased to be known as "Washington's March," and under its present name became the most stirring of national airs.

—*Boston Transcript.*

While Mendelssohn was studying at the Berlin University he was engaged by a merchant of that city, for whom he was doing ordinary office work. He was thus able to earn his living and pursue his studies at the same time. Once a friend of Mendelssohn happened to come to the office and found Mendelssohn sitting on a high wooden chair and adding up long columns of figures. "What a pity," said this friend, "that a clever man like you should do such mechanical work, and that for a man who does not possess the hundredth part of your learning." Mendelssohn modestly replied, "It is very good as it is; I am as glad to earn a living as my employer is to get his work done. If it were different—if I were the master and he my clerk—I could make no use of him."—*The American Hebrew.*

They are but few and mean-spirited that live in peace with all men.—*Jonathan Swift.*

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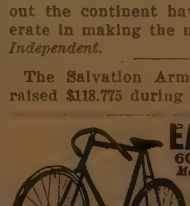
It has been decided to celebrate in an international way the 500th birthday of Gutenberg, in the year 1900. At a meeting of the preliminary committee, held recently, it was decided that the Gutenberg celebration should begin in his birthplace, Mayence, on the twenty-fourth of June. The representatives of the book trade at Leipzig have decided to observe the occasion in that literary centre also; but here the festivities will be largely of an academic character, under the auspices of the university. A Gutenberg Society has been organized with headquarters at Mayence, which will provide for the erection of a Gutenberg museum and the publication of works on this father of the printing art, and also on the history of this art itself. Prominent men throughout the continent have promised to co-operate in making the matter a success.— *The Independent.*

The Salvation Army in Great Britain raised $118.775 during its self-denial week.



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THE FAITH THAT MAKES FAITHFUL. By William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Alfred C. Clark.

This is a very helpful little book to keep on desk or work-table, so that a chapter, page, or mere sentence may be read in the hurried intervals of daily occupation. It is not a manual of devotion. It does not incite to emotional piety, nor to morbid subjective questioning; but it strengthens the soul to "serve God and bless the world." Though some of the titles are followed by texts, they are not elaborated into sermons, but are key-notes to simple and charming essays, full of suggestive thoughts and illustrations which encourage and cheer the heart. They show how every life, however humble or hindered, can be made great and glorious by struggle, faithfulness, and love.

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This little volume embraces the following essays, or little sermons: "Blessed be Drudgery," "Faithfulness," "I Had a Friend," "Tenderness," "A Cup of Cold Water," "The Seamless Robe," "Wrestling and Blessing," and "The Divine Benediction." Each author has contributed equally to the book, and both have given to the public many beautiful thoughts clothed in beautiful language. The essays are, in part, didactic, and contain reflections upon life in the different subjects treated that are not only interesting, but inspiring. Could the lessons taught be so impressed that they would be heeded, life would be made better for many people whose existence would become less purposeless. The faith found in this volume, if heeded—if made as much a part of the individual as it is a part of the book—will make faithful many who would be much better by having read the essays.—*The Current.*

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WHAT CONSUMPTION REALLY IS.

The Causes That Produce It—Why It Has Always Been Fatal and How It Is Now Successfully Treated.

[Extracts from Dr. Hunter's Lectures.]

"Consumption is a local disease of the lungs, caused by the TUBERCLE BACILLUS, a poisonous germ of the air. These parasites are breathed into the lungs and produce by their ravages all the sufferings the patient endures. They cause not only the cough, expectoration, spitting of blood and shortness of breath, but also through deranging the general health produce heotic fever, night sweats, loss of flesh and strength.

"The old theory was that consumption is a constitutional disease of the blood and general system, transmitted by inheritance from parent to child. Under that false theory its cure was impossible. To be attacked was equivalent to the hand of death. People, when told their disease was consumption, universally gave up all hope. The only effort was to relieve the symptoms by cough mixtures, tonics, opiates and change of climate, that they might die with less suffering. Every case so treated went on from bad to worse and ended fatally.

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"To cure we must kill and expel the germs and arrest and heal their ravages in the air tubes and cells of the lungs. Unless this be done there is no possibility of cure in any case. So long as the germs remain in the lungs and retain their vitality the disease goes on. Solid and fluid medicines taken by the stomach and hypodermics injected through the skin act only on the general system. They neither reach the lungs in any curative form nor act at all upon the germs which are killing the patient.

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"We now have germicidal inhalants, which are easily and safely inhaled, under which no form of germ life can live. These we are using with great success in all forms of lung diseases—asthma, bronchitis, catarrh and consumption. Under them the lungs are as curable as any other organ of the body. Their discovery and introduction into medicine constitute a new era of hope for the afflicted."

(To be continued weekly.)

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